In Recital

Jill Hoogewoonink, soprano

assisted by
Donna Noton, Piano

Thursday, March 18, 2004 at 5:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

DEPARTMENT OF
MUSIC

Program

Er ist's, Op. 79, No. 24 (1849) (Eduard Mörike)	Robert Schumann (1810-1856)
From *Myrtenlieder*, Op. 25 (1840) Der Nußbaum, No. 3 (Julius Mosen) Die Lotosblume, No. 7 (Heinrich Heine) Du Bist wie eine Blume, No. 24 (Heinrich Heine) Widmung, No. 1 (Friedrich Rückert)	Robert Schumann
From *The Old Maid and the Thief* (1939) Steal Me, Sweet Thief	Gian Carlo Menotti (b. 1911)
Rêve d'Amour (Victor Hugo)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1 (Paul Verlaine)	
La diva de l'empire (1904) (Dominique Bonnaud & Numa Blès)	Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Intermission

From *Touble in Tahiti* (1953) What a Movie!	Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)
From *West Side Story* (1957) Somewhere	
Someone to watch over me (1926) (Ira Gershwin)	George Gershwin (1898-1937)
From Lady in the Dark (1941) One life to live My Ship	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Perhaps Love	John Denver
The Pretty Little Dolly	Mona Abboud

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Hoogewoonink.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Texts and Translations

Er ist's/ Spring it is...
(Eduard Mörike)
Spring lets its blue ribbon
Flutter once more in the breeze;
sweet, familiar fragrance
drifts portentous through the land.

Violets are dreaming,
soon will be here.
Hark, softly, from afar, a harp!
Yes, Spring, it is you!
I have caught your sound!

Der Nußbaum/ The Walnut Tree
(Julius Mosen)
Green before the house a walnut stands.
spreading, fragrant airy, it leafy
branches

Many lovely blossoms it bears;
gentle winds visit them with loving
embrace.

Paired together, they whisper,
gracefully inclining delicate heads to
kiss.

Whisper of a maiden who
night and day pondered, ah, and knew
not what.

Whisper-who can understand so
soft a song?-of a husband-to-be, of
next year.

The maiden listens, the tree
rustles;
yearning, hoping, she sinks, smiling,
into sleep and dreams.

Die Lotosblume /The lotus-flower
(Heinrich Heine)
The lotus-flower fears
the splendor of the sun,
and with bowed head,
dreaming, awaits the night.

The moon is her lover,
and wakes her with his light,
and to him she gladly unveils
her innocent flower-like face.

She blooms and glows and gleams,
gazing dumbly toward the sky;
she is fragrant and weeps and trembles
with love and the pain of love.

Du Bist wie eine Blume/ You are like a flower
(Heinrich Heine)
You are like a flower,
so sweet and fair and pure;
at you I gaze, and melancholy
steals into my heart.

I feel as if my hands
I ought to lay upon your head,
praying that God preserve you
so pure and fair and sweet.

Widmung / Dedication
(Friedrich Rückert)
You my soul, you my heart,
you my bliss, O you my pain,
you my world in which I live,
my heaven you, to which I float,
O you my grave, into which I've forever consigned.
You are my repose, you are peace,
you are bestowed on me from Heaven.
Your love for me gives me my
worth,
your eyes trasnfigure me in mine,
lovingly you raise me above myself,
my good spirit, my better self!

Rêve d'Amour/Dream of Love
(Victor Hugo)
If there is a lovely lawn
Watered by the sky,
Where in every season is born
Some blossoming flower,
Where one gathers freely
Lily, woodbine, and jasmine,
There I want to make a path
For your foot to tread.
If there is a loving breast
Wherein honor dwells,
Where a tender devotion
Never is morose,
If this noble breast always
Beats for a worthy aim,
I will make a pillow
Where your head can rest.
If there is a dream of love
With the scent of roses,
Where on finds every day
Something that is sweet,
A dream blessed by the Lord,
Where two souls unite,
Oh, I will make of it a nest
Where your heart will rest.

Mandoline
(Paul Verlaine)
The serenading swains
And their lovely listeners
Exchange insipid remarks
Under the singing boughs.
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,
And the eternal Clitander,
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies
Fashions many tender verses.
Their short silken vests,
Their long dresses with trains,
Their elegance, their gaiety
And their soft blue shadows
Whirl madly in the ecstasy
Of a moon rose and grey,
And the mandolin chatters
Amid the trembling breeze.

La diva de l'empire/The Diva of "L'Empire"
(Dominique Bonnaud & Numa Blès)

Underneath her large Greenaway hat,
her flashing smiles are flying.
A laugh charming and fresh
Like a baby sighing
Little girl with the velvet eyes,
It's the Diva of the "Empire"
She's the queen who has smitten the gentlemen
and the dandys of Paccadilly.

In one single "yes" she puts such softness
That all the snobs in their vests
Applaud her with frantic bravos.
Onto the stage they throw bouquets of flowers,
Without noticing the mocking laughter of her pretty voice.

Underneath her large Greenaway hat…

She danses almost automatically,
And lifts, aoh! very aristocratically,
Her frilly underskirts;
Showing her pretty legs.
It' s all at once very innocent
And very exciting.

Underneath……